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CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

SONNETS,
ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

Now fades one cherished hope from out my life—
The hope to meet again those heavenly eyes,
So starry high above the world's vain strife,
So beaming with the glory of the skies:
Once from their crystal deeps shone out on me
A glad revealing of the bliss above,
A glimpse of what humanity might be
If men but knew how good it is to love.
I had but given thee a perishing rose,
With a full heart, 'tis true, as Beauty's debt;
Thou gavest me a smile, a glance that glows
Deep in my soul a shrined treasure yet:
That very look in Heaven I trust to meet,
More pure it could not be, nor more divinely sweet.

II.

Thy picture lies before me, beautiful!
Beyond all beauty that may pass away
A soft, supernal radiance naught can dull;
The wondrous light of everlasting day
Through those transparent features seems to come;
So look the angels, they who see God's face,
And turn, all glorious, to welcome home
Some new immortal to his happy place.
My far-off, bright Ideal! my soul's friend!
Perchance thou knowest, now that time is o'er,
How near and dear thou art! how closely blend
All holy thoughts with thee for evermore;
How each aspiring after highest good
Seems possible through thee, fair flower of womanhood!

III.

I lay them side by side—the perfect face
And the rare poems that such worth befit,
And reading, thank the Giver of all grace
That sweetest praises lover ever writ
Should also be the truest; for no dream
Of poet's fancy art thou, peerless one!
That clear, victorious eye, with resolute beam
Has looked on pain and death, and looked them down.
When angels bore away the snowy dove,
Awhile that nestled in your Eden home,
The morning glory of your happy love,
From groves of Paradise so newly come,
Thy faith discerned, through all the gloom of the grave,
The sad, sweet face of Christ, yearning to bless and save.

Putnam, for June.

Pictures of Life.

A HAPPY DILEMMA.

"What a dismal night!" said poor M. Armand, as he looked hopelessly around in search of a fiacre. There was not one to be seen; he must therefore walk to the nearest stand, and that was at no inconsiderable distance. He had just left a brilliant soirée in the Faubourg du Roule—he had passed the preceding evening at the Bal de l'Opera—on both occasions he had danced for many hours, and consequently he found himself overwhelmed with fatigue. The night was damp and foggy, and the wind blew keenly in his face. The young man sighed, and resigned himself to fate. He proceeded through the Faubourg du Roule, and down the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré; every stand was deserted, and the few vehicles that he chanced to encounter upon the way were already occupied. At last, as if to crown his misery, some premonitory flakes of snow began to fall.

"I can go no farther!" exclaimed M. Armand, as staggering from fatigue, and half dead with cold, he leaned against a doorway.

But stay! On casting a last despairing look in advance, he thought that he perceived a file of carriages before the door of a large mansion down one of the streets opening upon the Madelaine.

But his troubles were not to be so speedily ended. Among the twenty-five or thirty equipages which he found stationed together, there was not a single hackney vehicle. All were private, and all were, of course, inaccessible. Any other man would have been daunted by this new disappointment; to M. Armand it suggested a bold and felicitous stroke of policy. At the head of the line there sat a coachman upon the box of a neat little Clarence. The man was almost hidden in the folds of an immense railway wrapper, and seemed to be fast asleep. The rest of the livery servants were assembled round a blazing fire in the vestibule of the hotel.

M. Armand approached stealthily towards the carriage, opened the door softly, glanced once more around, to see that no one observed him, and glided in.

It was a delightfully comfortable little vehicle—cushioned, soft, yielding, and perfumed withal by that soft scent of flowers and otto of roses, which seems to linger in the wake of ladies and their bouquets.

He had only intended to rest for a few moments till a fiacre should pass by or the snow cease from falling. Soon, however, overcome by weariness and the luxury of his asylum, he fell into a profound and dreamless sleep. The ball shortly after this broke up. The servants returned to their seats—the file of carriages was gradually put in motion—the visitors were departing.

Still M. Armand slept on.

A lady appeared at the door of the hotel, surrounded by a crowd of attentive escorts. She wore a rich velvet cloak trimmed with sables, and yet shuddered at the cold, damp night-air; appearing, moreover, somewhat wearied of the pressing attentions of her numerous admirers. The carriage drew up; the footman opened the door, let down the steps, and stood aside for his mistress to pass in.

Still M. Armand slept on.

It so happened that where he sat was in the deepest shadow, and no one observed the intruder.

The lady ran lightly forward, and sprang in—an exclamation escaped her lips.

"What is the matter, Madam?" cried one of the gentlemen, advancing immediately to the door.

The lady disengaged the mantle from her shoulders, and threw it over the sleeper in such a manner that he was completely hidden beneath the satin folds.

"Nothing, thank you," she replied; "I only stepped upon this cloak, and feared for the moment that I should fall. Good-night!" She extended her fair hand, closed the door hastily, and the carriage rolled away.

But M. Armand was asleep no longer. He had half awoke when the door was opened, and had seen, as if in a dream, the lighted hall, the lady, and the gentlemen who accompanied her. The danger of his position suddenly roused him. Were they all coming in? Then the cloak fell upon his head—he blessed the protecting satin—the door closed, and he found himself alone with the lady. What was he to do? He dreaded to reveal his presence, for at the first word he uttered she might scream—faint—go into hysterics! Poor M. Armand! He had never been so embarrassed in his life.

While he was thus debating and trembling, the carriage went on. All at once the lady threw the mantle aside, and said—

"How imprudent of you to hide yourself in my carriage!"

When he felt the cloak withdrawn, the young man wished that he could sink through the bottom of the vehicle; but when he heard those words, he was perfectly bewildered.

The lady went on:—

"Had you no care of my reputation?—no fear of compromising me? Happily I succeeded in throwing my cloak over you, otherwise—but no, I will not be angry with you, Rodolph; you have acted nobly, and I thank you!"

M. Armand had begun to think that he was mistaken for another, and these last words confirmed it. Fortunately for him, the withdrawal of the cloak did not violate his incognito. The collar of his paletot was up; he wore his hat, and a large silken handkerchief covered his mouth. Besides, the night was very dark; the carriage-lamps shed no light within; and he was shrinking back into the farthest corner. Thus protected, he could at least continue to pass for Rodolph till he was obliged to speak, and then his voice must betray him.

"Well! have you nothing to say to me?" said the young lady, tenderly.

M. Armand thought the fatal moment was come.

"Ah, I understand," continued his companion, in a tone of gentle reproach; "you are ashamed of your conduct—of the cruel scene you inflicted yesterday upon me! Well, I pardon you. You would not let the night pass over without a reconciliation. You have come to seek me as I left the very ball which you wished to prevent my attending; how could I fail to be indulgent to a fault so speedily atoned? I fear, Rodolph, that *I* should not have been the first to seek a reconciliation—I was too deeply wounded. But I was wrong, and I am ready to confess how much your course exceeds mine in generosity."

The young man, who was thus usurping a confidence intended for another, began to feel that he must at all hazards put an end to the lady's error. But his courage deserted him, when the smallest and softest of hands was laid upon his own, and in a caressing voice she continued:—

"I was wrong to doubt you; but I have been cruelly deceived. Ah, if you but knew all that your enemies have said to me! They have represented you in the darkest colors—restless, obstinate, jealous, violent—in short, I forget half. But now I know that it is all untrue, for you have come to seek me."

And the soft hand gently pressed that of the false Rodolph.

The young man was troubled, curious, and pleased. She must be pretty; she had a charming voice, and seemed good, affectionate, and tender! So M. Armand still kept silent.

The young lady, who, fortunately seemed to be fond of talking, and had a great many things to say, paused for a moment, and then resumed.

"I abjure my error," she said, and you have made me quite happy. Do you pardon me as I pardoned you?"

M. Armand pressed her hand by way of reply. Anything was better than to trust his voice with the answer.

"You know I was obliged to go to the ball to please my rich uncle, whose heiress I am. It will never do to vex one's rich uncles,—will it, Rodolph?"

Again a pressure of the hand, a little closer, more tender,—in fact, quite a crescendo pressure.

"Well, well, it is all over, then! And will you promise me never, never to be jealous again? And to be jealous of such a creature as that Monsieur Chapuis!"

Monsieur Chapuis happened to be one of M. Armand's most intimate friends. He could not help smiling. We all, according to La Rochefoucault, take a degree of pleasure in the misfortune of our friends.

"Such an absurd man! The most absurd man anywhere. He knows nothing—he can say nothing—every one laughs at him; but he has not even the sense to see that."

"Chapuis!" thought M. Armand; "I wonder if she will speak of me next!" But M. Armand was particularly careful not to think aloud.

"But let us not talk of anything so tiresome. Let us talk about you. I do not think, after all, that you would make such a bad husband—and—and, at all events, I think I may as well run the risk, and take you!"

An immense squeeze from M. Armand expressed the proper degree of rapture.

"Come to-morrow, then, Rodolph, and we will talk over the necessary arrangements for the marriage."

Here a pressure of the hand was not sufficient, and M. Armand added to it a sigh of passionate satisfaction.

"What do you think of it? But you say nothing. It is true, you seldom speak much; but I only ask you for a single word—will you always love me?"

She leaned forward for the reply. This time M. Armand felt that it must proceed from his lips and was proceeding to give it, but without speaking, when the young lady suddenly drew back and reproached him just as his head came very close to hers.

After a momentary silence—

"Well, yes," she said, softly; "I permit you, and let our embrace be the seal of reconciliation."

And the ceremony was performed to M. Armand's intense gratification.

"Ah, goodness!" exclaimed the lady, "we have already reached the Faubourg St. Germain! How will you escape from the carriage without being seen by my servants?"

M. Armand made a gesture of despair.

"What is to be done? I would not have them know this for the world! Ah! an idea has occurred to me. Do you know what o'clock it is?"

M. Armand took out his watch, and touched the spring of the repeating movement.

"Excellent! it is only half-past two, and the Countess de Blois will keep up her soirée till at least three. My sister is there; I will ask to speak with her, and then you can escape. Here is the Rue de Bac, and the door of the hotel is yet surrounded with equipages."

The lady stopped the carriage, the footman descended and approached the door.

"Ask if my sister is still at this ball."

The servant entered the hall, and the lady turned towards her supposed lover:

"Now fly! adieu till to-morrow!"

M. Armand sprang swiftly from the vehicle without having been observed by the driver, who was occupied with the care of his horses, and disappeared amid the carriages.

The next day she waited long and anxiously for the arrival of M. Rodolph. Hours passed on, and he never made his appearance. A letter came. It ran thus:—

"MADAME LA COMTESSE:—I need scarcely inform you that our engagement must henceforth be ended. Doubtless it was to accomplish this purpose that you persisted in going last evening to that ball, despite my threats and my entreaties. It is no longer possible that we should remain friends—still less lovers. Perhaps we neither of us have much to regret in the relinquishing of an union for which our dispositions are evidently unsuited, and which could only have proved a source of unhappiness and regret.

"Deign, Madame, to receive the assurances of my consideration and esteem.

"RODOLPH DE MAYALL."

The lady was overwhelmed with amazement. The paper dropped from her hands, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

"Is he mad!" she exclaimed; "after our conversation last night in the carriage, to treat me thus!"

She forgot that in that conversation she had been the only speaker.

She could not refrain from weeping. He had been so kind, so amiable, so affectionate last night; and now—

At this moment a servant entered the room with a visiting card upon a salver.

Madame la Comtesse bent over a flower-stand and hid her tears among the geraniums. She took the card without looking at it.

"Shall I show the gentleman up, Madame?"

She nodded; there were footsteps already on the stairs—she dried her eyes, resumed her seat, and opened a book hastily.

A gentleman entered the room, hat in hand. He was good-looking, well-dressed, but perfectly unknown to her.

"I hope," he said, with a quiet smile, "that Madame la Comtesse de Chalon will pardon the intrusion of one who, although a stranger, has yet spent some short time most agreeably in her society."

"You speak in parables, Monsieur," and here the Countess glanced for the first time at the card, "Monsieur Armand."

"Yet, I beg to assure you, Madame, that we have met, and not very long since."

Of course, it was impossible to doubt the word of so gentlemanly a person—she thought herself exceedingly forgetful not to remember him; particularly as he possessed such fine, and really such expressive eyes. She motioned him to a seat, resumed her own chair, and smiling graciously,

"We have met, perhaps, at some ball?" she said, "but I am ashamed to confess that I cannot in the least recall your features."

"Certainly, Madame, a ball was the occasion of our meeting."

"What very beautiful eyes!" thought the young lady, casting down her own with some little embarrassment. Madame la Comtesse was an admirer of beautiful eyes.

"And pray in whose salons had I the pleasure of dancing with Monsieur Armand?" she inquired.

"I regret to say that I have never *yet* had the honor of dancing with Madame la Comtesse," replied the gentleman, with an air of profound deference, and yet with an amused expression hovering round his lips, which greatly puzzled her.

"Was it at the reunion given by Madame St. Croix? or at the soirées of Madame du Nanterre? or at the balls given by Madame la Marquise de St. Hilaire? or Madame la Comtesse Duplessis?"

M. Armand shook his head.

"It was at none of these, Madame, although I have the entrée at most of the houses you have mentioned. A ball given by Madame Delaunay first afforded me the delight of your acquaintance."

"Ah! I comprehend. It must have been a year ago, then, Monsieur; for Madame Delaunay has received but once this season. Last night was the first of her soirées, and certainly it was not last night that I had the honor of being introduced to you."

"Pardon, Madame; but we met last night for the first time."

The lady looked completely amazed.

"I am indeed overwhelmed with confusion not to remember——" she began. But M. Armand interrupted her.

"Before I proceed farther, Madame, I must entreat your forgiveness for all that I am about to say. We did indeed meet last night—I should rather say this morning, and under most peculiar circumstances. Have I your permission to proceed, and your pardon for an indiscretion which was as tempting and delightful as I confess it was imprudent and rash."

The lady bowed her head; but she had turned very pale, and her heart began to throb like a caged bird.

He told her all. He told her of his shame, his terror, his anxiety to speak, and yet his dread of a betrayal. He excused himself gracefully—he urged his fear of alarming her—he was frank, respectful, delicate.

After he had concluded there was for some moments a painful silence. The lady, who had been pale and red by turns, sate nervously plucking a rose to pieces leaf by leaf, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. The gentleman sate opposite to her, silent, and pausing for a reply. She felt his glance upon her, and she knew not what to say. At last, in a voice somewhat tremulous and low, she spoke.

"And pray, Monsieur Armand, how did you discover my name and address?"

"I found what I had before sought in vain, Madame,—a fiacre. I told the driver to follow your carriage. I watched you enter your own door. I sent my servant this morning to ascertain your name at an adjoining *boutique*; and now I am here to entreat your pardon and the permission to continue an acquaintance so peculiarly, and, for me, auspiciously begun."

Who could refuse a request so charmingly solicited? Not Madame la Comtesse, decidedly, who was such an admirer of fine eyes.

* * * * * * *

As for M. Rodolph, he repented of his letter, and sought a reconciliation with the beautiful widow. He found a gentleman in her drawing-room, occupied in her service in a most interesting and confidential manner. In fact, he was holding a skein of silk upon his extended hands, and the lady's dainty fingers were rapidly twining it around an ivory reel.

"Ah, M. de Mayall," said Madame le Comtesse, with an amiable smile, as she rose and indicated a chair for the visitor. "I am delighted to receive you. Auguste," turning towards the gentleman, who yet held the silken threads, "this is one of my old *friends*. Permit me to introduce my friend, M. de Mayall—M. Armand."

"I hope," said M. Armand, with the most winning politeness, "that M. de Mayall will honor our wedding with his presence. I am charmed to have the honor of making his acquaintance."

PAPER.—It will not do any longer to stigmatize anything by saying it is worthless as an old rag, for old rags and scraps of paper are among the most valuable of modern things. Paper is almost worth its weight in gold. In the progress of our literature, every sheet of paper, as soon as made, is wanted to receive somebody's thoughts upon its fair surface. The paper makers cannot find material enough to make into paper, and the prices for all sorts of rags and waste stuff that can be turned into paper, have advanced wonderfully. We pay a much higher price than ever before for the paper on which this is printed, and if we complain of the quality, the dealer is quite easy, for he knows we can do no better anywhere else, if as well.

Two cents a pound for the poorest shreds of paper are paid by the dealers in old rags, &c. In these circumstances, we say to housekeepers, be careful and save everything that can be turned into paper. Don't kindle your fires with paper, not even with shreds and shavings of it. It is worth its weight in copper, if not in fine gold; and you can't afford, the country can't afford to lose it. Only think what would become of us if the supply of paper should fail. What a multitude would cry their eyes out if they could get no Organ. What a time there would be if the supply of letter paper should fail, and no love letters could be sent or received! It is awful to think of. Save your rags!—*New York Organ.*

THE BEAM AND WHEEL EXPERIMENT.—With reference to this experiment, alluded to in "The Month" (Science and Arts) for April, a correspondent suggests the following as a solution: "If a beam is balanced, as stated, upon an upright standard, and any weight, whether wheel or not, is attached to one end, the beam will alter its position according to the weight attached; but mark, if it is a wheel that is attached, and that wheel is made to rotate rapidly, you *instantly* divide the weight of the wheel into *two equal parts*—one part going *downward*, and the other part going (by the velocity) *upward*; therefore, from this simple cause, *while the wheel is in rapid motion the beam will not lose its gravity*.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Our Picture Gallery.

SAMUELSON'S PATENT DIGGING MACHINE.

It is well-known that the produce of land cultivated by market gardeners and by cottagers, far exceeds [illegible] It is only of late that a serious effort has been made to assimilate our practice as farmers to that of the gardener. In the growth of root crops, the water-drill is but just beginning to perform that in the field, the omission of which in the garden would be considered as the height of neglect. In growing corn, we still adhere to the extravagant practice of thick sowing, whether broadcast or by the drill; though we may see in the laborer's allotments how much superior, both in the straw and in the ear, is the crop which he has "dibbled" with one-third the quantity of seed. The value of horse-hoeing is doubted by many who would not allow a weed to remain in their gardens; and we still endeavor to make up by wagon-loads of manure, and by tons of guano, for imperfect tillage and want of drainage, which permit their most valuable constituents to be washed off the surface into the ditches and streams, whereas, by converting our fields by deep tillage into one vast filtering bed for their retention, we should not only avoid this waste, but avail ourselves to the utmost of the valuable dressings that descend with the rains of heaven, the ammonia contained in which, according to our chemists, [illegible]

[illegible] Samuelson, the well-known agricultural engineer, of Banbury, England, has contributed the invention of his digging-machine, which has been for some time past at work in that neighborhood, and which we illustrate as it appeared in operation on the farm occupied by Mr. Wm. Calese, at Adderbury, Oxfordshire. It consists essentially of several series of slender steel prongs, so shaped in curve and section as to penetrate the soil easily by the mere weight of the framing, which contains them; each series resembling the spokes of a wheel without the tyre, and all the wheels being caused to revolve by the draught of the horses, whilst imbedded in the earth up to what may be called their naves. The spokes or prongs bring up the soil, and allow it to fall backward, thoroughly pulverized and mixed, in a form not unlike the back-water from a paddle wheel. In the upper portion of their revolution they pass between a corresponding number of strong iron bars, which scrape away any earth or weeds adhering to them. Although, like all other tillage implements, it works best in dry weather, the digger was used with advantage during the early spring, when it was hardly possible to plough [illegible] and thoroughly reducing the whole, like the fork; and not merely cleaving off a slice, and reversing it, like the plough; but, as it only requires four or five horses to work it when set to dig ten inches deep by three feet in width, being equal to four acres dug in a working day of seven hours, in soils where it is rare to see less than three horses ploughing only one-fourth of that breadth to a depth of barely six inches, it is obvious that, apart from the superiority of the result, there is positive economy in the power applied. Circular motion, which generally accompanies the application of steam-power, will, we trust, in this instance, as in that of the horse-power threshing-machine, prove to be only its precursor; meanwhile, it is, perhaps, quite as well, with reference to the speedy and general adoption of this new cultivating machine that its introduction is not dependent, in the first instance, upon that of the steam-engine.

In conclusion, we must not omit to notice the application of the "Digger" to works of road formation, and excavating generally. It moves as much surface soil in a day, as would require forty to sixty men with the spade.—*London Illustrated News.*

Selected Sketch.

REGULAR TURKS.

BY THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

It is commonly said of an Englishman, or English boy, not easy to deal with in respect of extremity of temper, that he is a regular Turk. I have made a few notes of the real, original, regular Turks, as they appear in their own country.

Regular Turks have four fasts yearly, and they keep them with rare good faith. They pray five times a day, and commence at daybreak. They are constantly washing themselves, in the belief that washing purifies their souls; but the founder of their faith well knew that, in their hot climate, it is the body which requires constant purifying. They are bound in conscience, to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina; but they frequently perform the troublesome journey by deputy, and this is understood to answer quite as well, and even to be in rather better taste, than the incurring of unnecessary fatigue. They abstain from wine,—especially in public, or in the presence of talkative people, and they are very much given to charities—particularly with other people's money.

The Cadi marries people, and finds it a very good business. The ceremony is brief—consisting, indeed, only of a few words; but it is necessary that they should be pronounced in presence of credible witnesses. These were often difficult to find, in a country where truth was seldom spoken, and every man's lies were of course notorious enough. Under these circumstances, it occurred to the green-turbaned descendants of Mahomet to set up in trade as witnesses, inasmuch as their respectability was shown to all men, like a judge's wisdom, by the nature of their head-dress. These gentry, however, in process of time, professed to witness so many things which had never occurred, that the profession fell into disrepute, and is now altogether a mere refuge for decayed noblemen—like British diplomacy.

Your Regular Turk was allowed four wives; but he found the practice of maintaining them in the highest degree inconvenient. They not only contrived to keep him penniless, but they made use of their nails upon each other's faces with such liveliness and ability, that no one of them was ever fit to be seen; and their determined and noisy hostility was invariably a scandal to every neighborhood in which they lived. Such circumstances have usually induced gentlemen, even of the Regular Turk order—notorious for their love of peace—to confine themselves to one. The apartments of the other ladies, who have had, I am sorry to say, nothing to do with the Cadi, depends on the size of the establishment; for long experience has shown the Turk that, the only way to prevent the ladies of every condition from tearing each other's eyes out, is to lock them up in separate apartments. Vacancies, therefore, in a Turkish harem occur on the same principle as they happen in a private lunatic asylum, and depend altogether upon the empty rooms.

Your Turkish damsel is an odd sort of body. Quaint, fat, painted, bedizened, tattooed, and childish; her occupation consists in eating sweetmeats, and tossing about her clothes; employments sometimes varied by dances and songs not very delicate.

The children of each lady are brought up separately, having no communication whatever with the establishment over the way, except for the purpose of making themselves disagreeable to it. Whenever they meet the opposition, there is usually a stand up fight, in the same way as there would be with their amiable mammas; but a prudent parent usually prevents the occurrence of any unpleasantry of this kind, by not making them acquainted with each other. A youth, on leaving the harem, therefore, is often astonished at the number of his unknown relatives—more surprised, indeed, than gratified. Should he eventually become wealthy and powerful, a sure title to his favor used to be to dispose effectually of a few of them, no matter how, so that they were never heard of any more; but recently this practice seems to have fallen off.

Fine fat slaves, sound in wind and limb, and good steppers, are on sale daily at the bazaars, and there is always a large stock on view for ready money, or the bill of an approved party. Ladies once established in the family are unsaleable by law; but all others may be had at reasonable prices, according to the season and demand. If a Jew or even a Christian want a good serviceable slave, there are always plenty of his own persuasion ready for inspection or purchase. The Mahomedans of our [illegible]

[illegible] public business into Greek hands; for nearly all the notable activities in Turkey, whether political or otherwise, are foreigners; even artisans are strangers, down to the men who serve in the docks and arsenals; but it is not easy to see how this should be otherwise, for the Koran expressly forbids the carving of any kind of image; and, with a refreshing contempt for practical people, declares the finest efforts of handiwork in the world, simply abominable.—The only really worthy employment for a Regular Turk's money, appears to be building a mosque; but the triumphs of Turkish architecture, of late years, have been anything but remarkable. They have always lacked the airy and elaborate grace of Arab buildings; and I could point out as few edifices erected by them which are altogether satisfactory as I could in England. [illegible]

Selected Articles.

BOWS AND ARROWS VS. REVOLVERS.

The effect of the first firing of a gun in the presence of astonished savages is always an interesting point in the narratives of old voyages of discovery; but, setting aside the fire, and the smoke, and the loud report, it was, at an early period, found out that guns—at all events those guns in use when Captain Cook sailed round the world were—after all, not very terrible engines.

History cannot tell of a time when men did not make bows and arrows; and it is no more than seventy-eight years ago since Benjamin Franklin—who had that kind of mind which is not always satisfied with received opinions—gravely recommended the American patriots, then at war with King George's troops, to return to the very weapons that were carried by Ishmael the son of Abraham. Bows and arrows, he said, were good weapons, and not wisely laid aside: first, because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket; secondly, because he can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet; thirdly, because his object is not obscured from his view by the smoke of his own comrades; fourthly, because a flight of arrows seen coming upon them terrifies and disturbs the enemy's attention to his business; fifthly, because an arrow sticking in any part of a man disables him until it is extracted; and sixthly, because bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition. Thirty thousand Frenchmen fell at Crecy, mostly pierced by the arrows and bolts of the English and of their Genoese auxiliaries; and old French chroniclers attest the terror and confusion which the English archers always produced in the enemy's ranks. There was a time—before British sovereigns had an army or even a respectable body-guard at command—when not only A was an archer, and shot at a frog; but when C, D, and all the other letters of the alphabet, were archers, and shot at everybody and everything that could stand for a mark; from frogs to sovereigns. Consequently sovereigns, when tempted to visit their subjects' pockets without consulting their refractory commons, were induced to consider that propensity, and to modify their determination accordingly.

But that is all gone by now. It is all dwindled down into a few Toxophilite Clubs, whose members wear Lincoln green and black cocks' feathers; being very harmless ladies and gentlemen, who only hurt each other by accident at pretty archery fetes. Great prelates no longer exhort their hearers to the diligent practice of archery. Princes have ceased to pride themselves on striking the bull's eye at two hundred and forty yards, or to command their sheriffs to visit all the live geese in their respective counties, and compel them to shed six good feathers each for the shafts of arrows. All the old Doubles are dead who would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen or a fourteen and a-half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. Political economists of these days do not insist that every butt of Malmsey or Tyre wine shall come accompanied by ten good bow staves. The age of archery is fled, and no force of reasoning of even fifty-Franklin power could bring it back again.

The struggle between bows and guns was long, and at one time doubtful. Indeed, when we remember the clumsy and inefficient nature of the earliest specimens of portable fire-arms, it is easier to understand the opposition which they met with from warriors of conservative principles, than to account for their ever having been adopted. Weapons intended to be destructive, but really more harmless than those which our soldiers carried even in the last war, it would be difficult to imagine. It is said that each soldier fired away his own weight in lead for every man that he hit. There is a proverb that says every bullet finds its billet; but if that means that every bullet finds its man, it is not true of more than one in eight hundred; for, in the desultory warfare at the Cape Colony, it is calculated that every wounded Caffre cost us three thousand two hundred balls. Bows and arrows could hardly have done less damage than this, I think.

The British firelock—fitted with percussion caps, and otherwise improved—is still in the hands of the bulk of our troops, but it is now condemned by the oldest of the old school of warriors. It will kill if levelled at masses of men quite close, and so would a shower of bricks and stones, which would not be so liable to strike the ground before it strikes the object, nor to fly to right or left of it, nor over it, as a musket bullet is. Barbarian tribes in Hindostan, and naked savages at the Cape, were not so slow as the authorities at home, or even as officers in action, in finding out what a miserable weapon for defence Brown Bess is. With the Caffres it was long a favorite sport to provoke sentries, or small bodies of troops, to fire; then, rushing forward to wrest the musket from their hands while they were endeavoring to reload. The wild beast has sense enough to adopt the same tactics, and it is therefore not surprising to read that the Texan Indians (without knowing anything of the Caffres) served their white enemies precisely in the same way. American borderers, not having the habit of looking to a Colonial Office five thousand miles off for orders, or instructions, or protection, were better prepared to meet such antagonists than the settlers of Sandy Rock. But even in that agreeable border land—where no man thinks of going abroad without his tools; where Senator Wilson, commonly called Horse Ears, quarrels with Senator Doubleup, and fights out his quarrel, in the presence of Speaker and reporters' gallery as an enlivening episode in the debate; where a purely indigenous bravo and outlaw, is sentimentally described to be not necessarily in other respects a disagreeable member of society, but possibly an affectionate husband, a fond parent, a pleasant neighbor, courteous, humane, and seldom in liquor; where peaceful-looking gray-headed personages, riding into town with no implements visible, except a double-barrel rifle, a bowie-knife, and an Arkansas toothpick, are remarked by loungers to be poorly armed, and not to stand half a chance—the Indian on horseback, with his antediluvian bow and arrow, is deemed a formidable enemy. He does not retire before the white man quite so obediently to a law of nature as philosophers believe. The prairie tribes of Texas ride with boldness and wonderful skill. They are so dexterous in discharging arrows from the bow that a single Indian, galloping at full speed, is capable of keeping an arrow constantly in the air between himself and his enemy. The American borderers have become hardy, self-reliant, and superabundantly warlike, from the necessity of maintaining their footing against such undaunted and skillful foes. Their Virginia bear-rifles and double-barrel rifles were an improvement; but the first had no advantage except its long range and spinning bullet; and the latter, although valuable for giving two chances instead of one, was very heavy, difficult to aim with, and, when once discharged, took exactly as long to reload as two muskets. They were taught early that their great countryman's preference for the oldest weapon in the world over the latest improved firearms of his days, was not so paradoxical as it seemed. Perhaps they were too proud of being civilized men to take to bows and arrows again; but they must many a time have envied the Indian his rapid and continuous discharge, and dreamt of a gun

Original Letter.

LETTERS FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NUMBER X.

Weddings and Funerals—Poor Britannia.

Weddings and funerals have passed here in quick succession for a few weeks back; and then there is very prevailing disease in either case—but this being the principal street, we see more or less of said disease. The latter, not quite a month ago—a yellow plaster put the daughter of a gallant sea-captain—and yesterday, succeeding to love at first sight and marriage at second thought, were united—not quite early in the morning—came home and sat down to wine with a few choice friends, and got right jollily jolly, to use the vernacular. Not any rule, their "hip, hip hurrahs" grew less and less heartily—until at last, no doubt, they subsided into a quiet and serious chit-chat. At least we have no right to infer otherwise.

POOR BRITANNIA.

The hospital cart stands at our gate. One of its certain boards is a long box, enclosing what looks like a comfortable bed, but how many have been borne away in its narrow, coffin-like space, never to return. Poor Britannia! I seem to see her now sashing in her ungainly manner across the park, her broad shoulders standing high out of her gingham gown, her big arms, whose joints looked as if they were placed in the hands of a screw-jack, waving the flag-boards of a telegraph station, swaying with every motion of her body. Some had supposed a voluminous cotton turban on her woolly locks —her widely wide open orb, showing excess of white, rolled up with an expression of mental pain—poor Britannia!

When we first came here, she was very sick. She had a nice, pretty little "pickaninie," not quite three weeks old; the greatest specimen of a baby I ever saw—for the pretty dame could take it by the hands or by the heels—it didn't smash under either, and the donkey little thing would straighten itself, as if it were made of some elastic wire.

Britannia had promised herself a great deal of pleasure with her baby, but an ingredient ran in that was not of the sweet kind. The child was cared for by strangers. If white, it would have been pronounced quite a handsome child, as it was, I thought it an African beauty, and as knowing as it was plump and pretty. And when health, in a measure restored, I have seen Britannia sitting on the low step of her humble hut—for you must know that in old times the domestic slaves lived in those quarters, on a terrace of which are attached to every house, and not far from the reformed blacks—holding her baby, and looking at it with so much love and maternal pride, that I quite venerated her. Mother love is the same, I believe, in the black bosom and the white.

But slowly and reluctantly Britannia yielded to a conquering disease, which seemed fastening itself upon her vitals. She breathed with difficulty, and once when she wanted the white nurse, I went in her cabin. It was a small, but, comfort place, with only the apology for a window, divided into two panes by a wooden screen, pasted over with pictures from old newspapers. A table stood under the window, her bed laid on the floor, and she stretched upon it, panting in extreme agony. The baby stood in the front at the cabin, in a little clothes-tray I felt quite faint hearted when I looked upon the little thing there, for I saw death in that of the mother.

Well, the "white nurse" could do the poor Britannia no good, so, as I said before, the hospital cart stands before our gate. After frequent visits to and fro, at length they appear with the miserable mother at her door. I shudder at the sight, as we, the gaily idle people, and such a burlesque master do the hospital service each carry her. Instead of a decent board provided with a bed, on which she may lie in comfort, they place her as a second time, two supporting her head, two her feet, standing high out of body dragging almost to the ground. Seemingly, this looks the least insecure. Hark! wine does the most as the bear has to the cart. "My child, my child, no child!" those words, and only those, her gasping breath utters. She will not go without its little baby, for when she perilled her poor life At last she is tied within the narrow cart, and following—it is not a touching sight!—the little white-capped head of the Medical in the rear arms, who is bearing it, with her, to the place she leaves.

The tears blind my eyes—a word heart might well weep at the touching love of that suffering woman—at the cause of that unfortunate and unconscious infant. Its help-less head unknowing the food supply of maternal arms swaying from side to side. And so the cart has gone, and the mother, and the baby. An hour passes—the man is coming so far—yet not the baby and mother on his bosom. They would not be the child they—doubtless it was better for the babe—and all they love it from her arms—it was healthy, "the hospital is only for the sick—take back."

Only one night passes, and when the sun is some hours high, the hospital cart stands again before our gate. What now? Another sick—ah! all is explained, first stout man bear in a board, and under that lightly wrapped calico covering lies the dead body of poor Britannia. More than thought for the senseless child that cannot feel, that for the dying baby the pestilential breath may contain the germ of disease.

They carry her into her little hut again—and the children come wondering about the door and then—and not only the children, but the men with its calm, bright eyes, innocent of the fear of sorrow, a small sighing as its woolly head a bit of a rude rod quite covering its tiny limbs a horse shoot by a child scarcely larger than itself. And poor Britannia no longer needed for the presence of her child.

It is early evening. The sheet of water just behind our dwelling glitters with the silvery reflection of the moon; beyond it rise the Sabbean palms—so under-toned beauty, the gold-light wanders, and strays in through wide-block crevices, till the young negress who sits with a stranger, while spokesman. How blue and vivid the arching vault of heaven, with its mild star in a board, and under that—how the waving tops of the cocoa-nut tree dip in the cane fields, and shake their plumes till the light seems dripping from them. And here the whole space below is strewn into mild shadow by the hats by the thick palm trees, and the calm of twilight makes all sit quietly at their doors, throwing light chaff on the red fire before each entrance. They talk low and softly—still watching the crimson flame—lighted by I know not what pattern. Hark! that strain of music—and it comes from the room where Britannia lies—they are "making" there. And how a forlorn though unlearned prayer breaks the stillness. All through the night, as it intervenes, are there, there is music floating from the dwelling where she watch the dead.

"Sir! we must tak—we must sin—there be the end of us—oh, if we only prepar-d."

"Yes," says another, watching the nice roasting bonnie, the husband, "it is no good to drun decently, following a long way off—"what for we cry Lisbo' we get letter below, please God—we be dust as ashes, so why do pray—no time go in grave for de worm—we sit on high seat, please God, in de white world" (by) "as one for cry." No, truly, poor Britannia, "no use for cry for you"—your nurses are over. M. A. D.

Clippings.

☞ The only Leather of Henry Clay was a cabinet-maker.

☞ Cabinet-makers are the aristocracy of mechanics, and the ornament of his country, had a brother-in-law who never learned to read until after completing the period of three years' apprentice, and a majority of the first statesmen of the country have made the same mistake—Washington Union.

☞ Husbands and Friends.—A lady who was noted for her pious temper, being asked how she contrived to maintain such sweetness, answered pleasantly, that she did not wish to have her love fattened by untimely wrinkles! Think of this, ladies. Every time you scold your husbands you add a wrinkle to your features!

☞ The error of a statement may become the mirror of a truth.

☞ A Confession Found.—A person who resided for some time on the coast of Africa, was asked if he thought it possible to civilize the natives. "As a proof of the possibility of it," said he, "I have taught them to consider every thought as little of a lie or as much as a European."

☞ There is a town in Maine called Kennebunk. A resident of the place being asked where he came from, said he lived at Kennebunk. He was taken up as a vagrant.

☞ A horse is now being exhibited in England, which is twenty-one hands high, and weighs twenty-two hundred weight. He must be a monster—a real beast, or the saying is, all alone is himself.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND STAND ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance, if not paid in advance. For 10 or more, one copy is sent three years. We confine the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the same or different Post Offices, at the option of the getter up:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00 For Absent.
7 and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00 "
13 and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00 "
20 and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00 "

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having a Club, may send names for a Club, and add to them more at the same rate, provided the letter will also their subscriptions to end at the same time as those of the main list. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Any one object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

Money.—The Post must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft payable on Saturday is preferred. It will be at the risk, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to take them to, and also as well as that Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters will exert themselves in getting large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be original articles from Mrs. Greenwood and by Fanny Fern—Miriam, the Authors; on the Fatal Vow, by Mrs. Southworth—Letters from Debrhara by Mrs. Denison—Letters from Europe by C. G. Addison, &c. &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

Mr. Dunn's Postage Bill Debate.—Our readers, and the friends of intelligence and education generally, will be pleased to hear that the bill of Mr. Dunn, of Ohio,—sometimes called "Bishop's Copy, or Foggy bill—to increase the rates of literary matter in the mail, which was laid on the table in the House of Representatives, by a large majority. The bill manifestly put in, and the rates of postage could remain fixed and ten cents, and to repeal the clause in the act of 1851, reducing the postage on newspapers and periodicals, when prepaid. Mr. Olds argued that under the present system, the Treasury and Post Office Department would fail about two millions before the expenses and receipts would balance. He contended that both the Banked matter of the Legislature and other branches of the Government should be charged postage on—as the constitution—of his own perverse nature—and that the postage on newspapers was by no means of taxes upon the spread of knowledge.

Now, we say again, as we have said before, that we do not wonder the deficit of the Post Office Department is two or two millions. If such an error had been made in the Treasury, or in the Post Office accounts, then we know it would cause a howl from the north of the land for private claims, for missions to Europe, to buy votes in Congress, for Mexican land, to—as Jacks in—and, or "Sadlers" and "Newspapers," then we have strong doubts that it is, as it has always been, a very unpopular thing to oppose this opportunity to obtain a full collection of our publications. "The Post Office," we would be new to them, as it appeared originally in a Washington paper.

Fellowcitizens' Morals in a New Shell.—The Washington Star says:

We should like to see a member of Congress, after the appropriation of $100,000 for the purchase of a site for a *School boys never* Post Office orders are written sunday for Uncle Sam's strong box, the greater his chance of flogging some of it.

We will do Mr. Olds the justice to say, that, in this second bill, he did propose, in relation to the franking privilege, to "limit it to letters on the right hand," but the House rejected the proposition—knowing that the country would forgive to this little irregularity, in consideration of its crushing the life out of the abomination project to use the name of Washington. We hope this is the last we shall hear of Mr. Olds in connection with this subject—or, for that matter, in connection with anything. We have been to re-the leaders of private life, to scrupulously avoid all mention and reading of them, as well as all talking of newspapers, and thus to be do our part when day by day, the press will continue to long delayed, the necessity of to sending and correcting its bills.

Sensible and Considerate Suggestion.—Some time since we called the attention of our readers to the difference of wantonly in wasting, or even to be exposed and sheltered situation. The following fact proves that the difference is even greater:

Loss of Caloric.—It is a well established fact that if we exercise in the open air, we require to much greater to the open practice that among the close air of a room, both less in the warm season of warm both less. A man will burn in the open air, in the winter, 1 lb. of coal and more to be put pounds of steam or. A laborer chopping on the cold day will burn 2 lbs. of carbon will be in 15 or 45 pounds, and the exercise will be to 30 or 60 lbs. of coal. All for with the manner to Chicago.

It would appear from the above that the cold air of the open prairie, as strong as the amount of steam, on the open prairie, as strong as the cold air of the open prairie, as strong as the cold air of the open prairie, as strong as the cold air of

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 12th, the death of Mr. Snodgrass was announced, and adjourned.

On the 16th, Mr. Fish offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be required to communicate to the Senate, copies of all quarterly or other accounts of the expenditures of the Mint, which have been returned since March 3d, 1851; and also a statement of the amount received or charged to depositors at the Mint, at Philadelphia, since the 3d of March, 1853 for refining, parting, wharfage or other charges, specifying the amount under each separate charge.

The President's veto on the Land Bill for the benefit of the Insane was taken up. Mr. Cass spoke over an hour. Mr. Clayton got the floor, when the bill was postponed.

After a short Executive Session the Senate adjourned.

On the 14th, Mr. Gwin, from the Naval Committee, reported a joint resolution, giving the consent of Congress to the acceptance by Lieut. Maury of a gold medal presented him by the King of Sweden.

The House resolution, providing for the adjournment of Congress on the 14th of August, was amended by striking out 14th of August, and inserting from July 17th to October 16th.

After a short Executive Session the Senate adjourned.

On the 15th, Mr. Sumner presented the credentials of Julius Rockwell, appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts a Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Everett.

Mr. Rockwell appeared and was sworn.

The joint resolution, giving the consent of Congress to Lieut. Maury's accepting the gold medal tendered him by the King of Sweden, was taken up and passed.

On the 16th, nothing of consequence transpired.

On the 17th, Senate not in session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 12th, a resolution was adopted, fixing the 11th of August for adjournment.

On the 13th, Mr. Haven moved that the debate on the Pacific Railroad Bill close to-morrow, at 2 o'clock.

Mr. McDougal was authorized by the Select Committee to report an amendment to the bill, limiting the northern route by the same parallel with which the southern route is limited, namely, the 37th degree, and he moved that the further consideration of the bill be postponed till the second Monday in December, in order that, meantime, the surveying may be completed.

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Giddings' resolution, proposing to expel the editor of the Washington Union from the hall, for having published an article which he says was most evidently designed to excite unlawful violence on members of the House, was taken up and tabled by a vote of 100 yeas to 32 nays.

The Speaker laid before the House a report of the Secretary of State, in compliance with a resolution adopted last December, offered by Mr. Walker, requesting the President to communicate the state of negotiations between this country and Denmark, relative to the imposition of sound dues upon our commerce in the Baltic. The documents are quite voluminous.

The documents were laid on the table and ordered to be printed. The House then adjourned.

On the 15th, the bill to amend the postage laws was taken up.

Mr. Gerrit Smith offered an amendment that the Act shall remain in force two years; at the expiration of that time the Post-Office department shall be abolished, leaving associations and individuals to carry the mails.

Pending the consideration of the measure, the House went into Committee on the Appropriation Bill.

On motion of Mr. Phelps, appropriations were made for the payment of the officers and territorial assemblies of Nebraska and Kansas.

Mr. Preston offered an amendment, making appropriations for completing the numerous custom-houses heretofore rejected from the Deficiency Bill.

Without determining the question, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 16th, after a short discussion, the bill modifying the Post-Office Law was laid on the table. The House spent a short time on private bills. Adjourned.

On the 17th, the House passed bills authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue register to the vessels of the Accessory Transit Company; increasing the salaries of the executive and judicial officers of Oregon, New Mexico, Washington, Utah, and Minnesota Territories.

General News.

COLONEL FREMONT'S EXPLORATION.—Col. Fremont furnishes the National Intelligencer a brief synopsis of the result of his recent exploration of the Central Railroad route to the Pacific. He says that the country examined was upon a very direct line, the travelled route being about 1,550 miles in length, over an air-line distance of about 1,300 miles. The first section, 700 miles, extending from the Missouri frontier to the Sierra Blanca, is a great plain of easy inclination, sweeping directly up to the foot of the mountains which dominate it as highlands do the ocean. The railway route in this section would be for about 200 miles along the valley of the Kansas, and afterwards along the valley of the upper Arkansas. Through the Sierra Blanca he found many passes grouped together in a small space of country, conducting by short and practicable valleys from the waters of the Arkansas to the valleys of the Del Norte and East Colorado.

The second section, which comprehends the various Rocky Mountain ranges and interlying valleys, he describes in detail, showing it to be practicable for a railway, the only obstruction being two tunnel-like passes, which pierce the mountains almost in juxtaposition, connecting the plain country on either side by short passages five to eight miles long. This secured section extends over the Great Basin at the Parovan valley and the Wahsatch Mountains, the whole length being about 450 miles. In the ranges of mountains behind the Mormon settlements, where the line passes, a great wealth of coal, iron, and heavy timber exists, the Mormons being now engaged in working these mines. In some places iron occurs in such extraordinary masses that it accumulates into mountains, which come out in solid crests, thirty feet thick and a hundred yards long. The third, or Western section, comprehends the mountainous plateau between the Wahsatch Mountains and the Sierra Nevada of California, a distance of about 400 miles. He speaks of two routes across this country, only one of which he traversed, the other, along the Virgin River valley, and thence to the Tejon Passes, having been previously explored and known to be practicable. The first extends directly across the plateau between the 37th and 38th parallels. This route he describes as a high table, bristling with mountains, often in short isolated blocks, and sometimes accumulated into considerable ranges, with numerous open and low passes. The valleys are dry and naked—without water or wood. He passed the Sierra Nevada by striking "the point of the California Mountain," where the Sierra suddenly breaks off and declines into a lower country, barely above the level of the surrounding regions, and making numerous openings in the valley of the San Joaquin.

DO KING BIRDS EAT BEES?—C. W. C. writes us that, while bees are sometimes found in the crops of king-birds, they are invariably *drones*, and not working honey-bees, that are provided with an instrument of defence with which no bird would like to come into close quarters. Indeed, the finding of *live* bees in the stomachs of birds, (which two of our correspondents have done,) ought to have made them suspect that the bees so swallowed alive were not provided with stings, else the birds might calculate on a severe attack of colic forthwith. We venture to say that no *man* can swallow a live honey-bee without imminent danger of death; and it is not likely that a bird weighing some two ounces could take a crop full of bees without wishing he hadn't. We guess the fact is, that king-birds *do* eat bees, but not the sort that carry stings behind them.

A letter from a correspondent in Westchester, Pennsylvania, corroborates the above.—*New York Tribune.*

THE PHILADELPHIA HIGH-SCHOOL IN CALIFORNIA.—A merchant, in San Francisco, in a letter received by his mercantile correspondent here week before last, remarks as follows:—"No young man can desire in California a better introductory letter than a certificate of his having passed with credit through the High-School at Philadelphia. It is of almost monthly occurrence in this city, a young man walks into your place of business, inquires for employment, simply remarks 'I am a graduate of the Philadelphia High School.' He need not seek far. He is at once engaged. He wants no better recommendation. Boys from that seat of learning are appreciated by all business men in this community, and no class of men more understand their interest than the inhabitants of California."

FRATERNIZATION.—The leaders of the allied forces in Turkey have done their best to encourage a spirit of fraternization among their troops, and the men have carried out these views, at times, to rather inconvenient lengths. On one occasion, in the height of convivial good-fellowship, a Highlander changed clothes with a soldier of one of the French African regiments; but, when the next morning brought cool reflection, the woe-begone, sheepish look of the poor Highlander, as he appeared on parade with a fez cap, a blue jacket embroidered with red worsted, a bright blue sash and a pair of enormous Dutch-built, scarlet pantaloons must have been inimitable. The African, too, in his kilt and coatee must have created quite a sensation.

LASTING EFFECTS OF HEAT.—The French, during the time their army remained under Bonaparte in the Holy Land, constructed two very large ovens in the Castle of Tiberias. Two years had elapsed at the time of our arrival since they had set fire to their granary; and it was considered a miracle by the inhabitants of Tiberias, that the combustion was not yet extinguished. We visited the place, and perceived that whenever the ashes of the burned corn were stirred by thrusting a stick among them, sparks were even then glowing throughout the heap, and a piece of wood being left there became charred. The heat in those vaulted chambers where the corn had been destroyed was still very great.—*Clarke's Travels.*

A FAMILY PARTY.—Mr. Frederick Kemble, from the neighborhood of Rumsey, Harrison County, Ohio, arrived in Steubenville by railway, last evening, with his wife and nineteen children—twenty-one in all. He is said to own enough land in that State to give each one of his family one hundred and sixty acres, and retain a "slice" for himself.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.

On the 13th of February, the steam frigates Susquehanna, Mississippi and Powhatan with the Macedonian, Vandalia and Lexington in tow, steamed up to within twenty miles of Jeddo, bringing up in a place which, on the previous visit, was designated the "American Anchorage." The whole of the surrounding country, including a high volcanic peak, called Fudsi Jamma, was found covered with snow; the thermometer was down to 30 deg., and water froze on the decks.

A succession of gales prevented the vessels from proceeding further up the bay until the 24th, on which day the squadron got under weigh, and ran up off a large town called Kanagawa, from twelve to fifteen miles from Jeddo by water—nine only by land. The houses of Jeddo were plainly enough visible from the mast heads, and boats from the squadron sounded up to within three miles of the wharves.

Eleven days afterwards the meeting took place; and in the interval, entertainments were interchanged by the American and Japanese officers. At one of two given by Capt. Buchanan, the Governor of Uraga, as we have seen in Keying, and other high Chinese officials, at once fell in with foreign observances in toasting and speechifying. Capt. Buchanan proposed the health of the Emperor of Japan, which was drunk standing, "with all the honors," was acknowledged by the Governor of Uraga, who in return, similarly proposed the health of the President of the United States. The Japanese took their liquor freely, especially champagne and liqueurs.

It was during this interval that an officer of the squadron approached Yedo, and if he did not actually enter it, at least was near enough to judge of its appearance, and to ascertain what, however, we believe a surveying party had done before, that close to the shore there is five fathoms water, so that it can be approached by large ships. The city is in the form of a crescent, and stands on an extensive plain, with a magnificent background of the mountains and wooded country; but it seems to possess no striking public buildings, while the dwelling-houses are generally of one story, and therefore present nothing imposing in their appearance, except their vast numbers and space they occupy. The population of the capital has, however, been greatly exaggerated, for though it is certainly great, the Japanese officers themselves placed Yedo third among the cities in the world; London, they said, being the first, and Paris the second.

Commodore Perry afterwards went on shore with a force of marines and sailors, in twenty small boats, was handsomely received and entertained.

A very favorable answer was given to the President's letter, and it is stated that Com. Perry was fully satisfied on all points suggested by him. A Draft Treaty, in English, Dutch, Chinese and Japanese, was put into the hands of the Japanese Commissioners, who said that it would receive due consideration; but the old Emperor had died since Commodore Perry was there last year, and his successor was a young man, who would require to consult his Council before coming to a determination; and the Commodore was reminded that Japanese did not act with the same rapidity as Americans did. Its leading provisions, it is said, will be the opening of three or more of the ports of Japan to the commerce of the United States, and securing supplies of coals for the steamers of that country. In other respects, the treaty, concluded or proposed, is understood to be merely a counterpart of that with China, except, it is said that the *Japanese objected to a clause admitting all other countries to the same privileges as America*; not like the Chinese, by whom, and not by Sir Henry Pottinger, as is generally supposed, the privileges of the English Treaty, were extended to all foreign countries. The Japanese would manifest more sagacity, and save themselves from incalculable vexation, were they to determine on allowing other nations to enjoy the same immunities as America, and no other, modelling all future treaties on precisely the same terms. But nothing can be as yet certainly known on the subject, for the Susquehanna, having been placed at the disposal of Mr. McLane, the Minister to China, and being under orders to be in Hong Kong in the beginning of April, was dispatched on the morning of the 24th March, the very day a conference was to have been held for the purpose of considering the treaty.

During the conference, Commodore Perry mentioned that one of the marines had died and he was desirous to have a piece of ground pointed out where this man and any others of the squadron that might die in Japan, could be buried. The Commissioners first suggested Nanasaki, and next Uraga, but on both being objected to, a spot near the place of meeting was fixed upon. We have only to add that, before the funeral took place, the Japanese officials came on board to view the body, for which purpose the coffin was opened; and after the burial, one of them remarked that, according to the inscription on the lid, the man was a native of Ireland, not of America; but the explanation that followed proved quite satisfactory. In the course of the arrangements for the funeral, the prudence of President Fillmore's and Secretary Webster's assurance on the subject of religion was shown. The Japanese said they had observed it with pleasure, and quite understood the distinction between Protestants and Roman Catholics.

Before the interview broke up, the Commodore mentioned that he proposed to give his officers leave to go on shore for recreation. To this no great objection was made, and we believe that within a few days afterwards, several of the officers were taking exercise on shore.—Rev. E. C. Bittinger, the chaplain, made several excursions among the villages and cornfields, which last he found in high cultivation. The houses were generally thatched, but those of the better sort were covered with tiles, having yards and small gardens within enclosures.

The following day, the same gentleman, finding the people neither unfriendly nor indisposed to receive him, and having obtained leave to go on shore, determined to visit two large cities some miles off, called Kanagawa and Kassacca, and with that view crossed an arm of the bay, which shortened the distance by several miles. He then proceeded through Kanagawa, supposed to contain from one to two hundred thousand inhabitants; and from the immense crowds that poured out everywhere to see the stranger, there can be no doubt of the population being very great. The crowds, however, caused no inconvenience or impediment, for on a wave of the hand from the Japanese officials who accompanied Mr. Bittinger, the people cleared a passage; and afterwards, a messenger having been sent forward for the purpose, the people packed themselves at the sides of the houses, and left the centre of the streets clear for the strangers. He entered some of the houses, which he found primitive in their furniture and arrangements; but, compared with other Oriental dwellings of the same class, neat, clean and comfortable. In some of them he observed clocks of Japanese manufacture. He also visited several temples, which, though smaller than in China, have more gilding on their walls, and ornaments on their idols, and generally are in better order.—The priests, as well as the people, were distinguished for their courtesy. The cities thus visited were not only very extensive, (estimated to be six miles long,) but with wide, well-formed streets. Kasacca is from fifteen to twenty miles distant, by land, from the ships; and Mr. Bittinger being thus necessarily long absent, some anxiety was felt about him. As he was returning, a Japanese officer put into his hands an order from the Commodore for all officers to return on board, and shortly afterwards, a courier, mounted on a splendid black horse, delivered a similar despatch, and finding it was understood and acted on, turned round, and galloped back to report the approach of the American officer, who concluded his journey by torch light, and found, on his arrival, that everything that had occurred had been noted, even the number of buttons on his coat being recorded.

Four days after the interview, the presents were interchanged, time having been required to erect places for their reception. Those for the Emperor consisted of, among other things:

A Railway with Steam-Engine—An Electric Telegraph—A Surf-Boat—A Life Boat—A Printing Press—A Fine Lorgnette—A Set of Audubon's American Ornithology, splendidly bound—Plates of American Indians—Maps of different States of America—Agricultural Implements, with all the modern improvements—A Piece of Cloth—A Bale of Cotton—A Stove—Rifles, Pistols and Swords—Champaigne, Cordials and American Whiskey.

And for the Empress, (presuming there is one):—

A Telescope—A Lorgnette, in a gilded case—A Lady's Toilet Box, gilded—A Scarlet Velvet Dress—A Changeable Silk Dress, flowered—A Splendid Robe—Audubon's Illustrated Works—A Handsome Set of China—A Mantel-piece Clock—A Parlor Stove—A Box of Fine Wines—A Box of Perfumery—A Box of Fancy Soaps.

Of the other presents, perhaps the one most valued was a copy of Webster's Complete Dictionary to one of the Imperial interpreters. To the high officers were given books, rifles, pistols, swords, wines, cloths, maps, stoves, clocks, and cordials, the last of which they fully appreciated, and, as regards clocks, when it was proposed to bring an engineer from shipboard to set them a going, the Japanese said there was no occasion for that, for they had clock makers in Yeddo who understood them perfectly. They were curious to know, however, about Ericsson's caloric engine, of which they had heard, but from the Commodore, at any rate, we suspect they would not receive a very favorable opinion of its practical utility.

Whatever may be thought of some of the other presents, the Railway and Telegraph were happy hits. The rail is only about three hundred yards in all, but being formed in a circle, the carriage can be driven at the rate of forty miles or more. Just at first the Japanese were chary of venturing into the car, but after a single trial there was much good-humored competition for places. The Telegraph still more astonished them, but they will speedily understand it, and may possibly, by this time, be laying down the wires for themselves.

CHILD VOMITING UP A SNAKE.—A little girl, about four years of age, residing in Centre Bridgeton, in this State, having been apparently out of health for some time, and troubled with a bad cough, on Sunday last, her mother gave her a lobelia emetic, soon after which she vomited up a *black snake*. A physician was called, and the child is now doing well. The snake was covered with a scaly substance, was about as large round as a lady's little finger, and eighteen inches in length. It was alive when ejected. How long it had been in the stomach is unknown, but probably, was swallowed in water when it was very small, as for some time past, the health of the child has been wasting away.—*Bangor State of Maine, June 8.*

THE STATE FAIR.—The Powelton grounds and a portion of the old Bingham estate, near the Permanent Bridge, in the Twenty-Fourth Ward, Philadelphia, have been selected as the site upon which the next State Fair is to be held. The Powelton estate was tendered for the purpose by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the present owners.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MAYOR CONRAD'S ADDRESS.—The following are the most important passages of the Inaugural Address of the new Mayor of Philadelphia:—

"Careful and anxious investigation and reflection, since the election, have impressed me with the conviction that, in the present state of public sentiment, and under existing circumstances, any police force, in this city, to be safe in itself, or a security for others, must be constituted of men known as born in this country. This conclusion has not been lightly nor loosely, nor without painful consideration, arrived at. Regarding with the respect and esteem which their intelligence and moral worth challenge the large body of our adopted citizens who sincerely and zealously abjure all foreign domination, I am still constrained to acknowledge the unambiguous and decided expression of the popular will upon this subject, and if my personal views differed from those entertained by a very large majority of our citizens, I would—the most efficient police being my aim—consider the constitution, from foreign materials, of that police, as unwise and dangerous.

"The prevalence of an intense and hostile popular sentiment, may render a class of men inefficient and unsuited for police service, who would be worthy and well qualified for other stations. It cannot be doubted that such a sentiment now prevails, and would render the employment of foreigners in the police imprudent, not merely in regard to their own efficiency, but their own personal safety, and the preservation of the public peace. Americans are justly jealous of the combined and secret influences which have been exerted to deny them their birth right of self-government; they, almost without distinction of party, assert that Americans are adequate to the enactment and execution of their own laws; and that while the enforcement of our laws by our own people, is natural, appropriate, and will meet prompt respect and obedience when required, by men of other lands and other tongues and other modes of thought and action, is offensive, provokes resistance, and induces violations of the law. It is certain that the most organized and formidable resistance to the law is to be apprehended from a certain class of foreigners; and it is equally certain that a police force of an opposite class of foreigners employed against them adds a new aggravation to the subject of excitement, and is rendered, if not the cause of additional transgression, at least wholly ineffective and useless for its suppression. No one can doubt that a police force composed of vigorous, resolute and temperate Americans, will be more efficient in a trying exigency, especially if employed to suppress riot or insurrection among aliens, than one constituted of those not born in this country; and this fact—their superior adaptation and efficiency being ascertained—nothing is left for doubt as to the duty of the appointing power.

"The same great requisite of efficiency will govern the selection of the members of the police throughout. The station demands marked physical endowments, as strength, courage, presence, health and hardiness. The application of the rule may seem harsh to worthy but unfortunate individuals, but its inobservance would be unjust to society and discreditable to the department. Strict and reliable habits of temperance will, also, in every case, be required—for it would be cruelty to entrust with powers over others one who is incapable of controlling himself. Nor will any man be appointed whose moral character is subjected to just reproach; and it will be my aim, in the selection of officers, to choose men, the elevation of whose character will inspire respect, and whose calmness, self-restraint and courtesy towards citizens—for the insolence of officers is too frequently the cause of offence and transgression—will, combined with firmness and fidelity, exempt the execution of the law from reasonable reproach. I dare not promise myself nor you that my efforts thus to constitute the police shall prove uniformly successful; but it will be my duty and my aim to make that effort, to seek for and prefer the good officer before the bad partizan; and, if deceived, upon evidence, that confidence has been bestowed upon the unworthy, no pride of opinion shall prevent me from correcting the error.

"The great cause of the evils which demand a police, of the crime and insecurity in society, and of many of the burthens and taxes which oppress prosperity and industry, is admitted to be intemperance. This vice and its incidents have been deplorably increased by our present unhappy license system, than which, perhaps, no community was ever afflicted with a heavier or more unmitigated curse. Convinced, as all men are, of this fact, I will endeavor, as far as my power extends, to weaken the gigantic empire of this fearful evil; and especially will I esteem it my pride and privilege to suppress the violation by 'the keepers of ale houses, taverns and other public places,' of the unquestionable obligation of what is popularly known as the Sunday law—a law venerable not only from its age and undiminished authority, but from the illustrious wisdom, patriotism and piety of its authors who, recognizing the claims of the Christian Sabbath to the reverence of a Christian people, make its open desecration a public offence. There is no peculiar merit in the performance of a duty so plain and imperative; but to disregard it would be a dereliction unpardonable. The necessary order for the suppression of the abuse referred to shall be issued at the earliest period when its effectual execution can be secured; and I will consider a failure on the part of the police to enforce it as an offence worthy the most rigorous reprobation."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Democratic State Convention passed resolutions fully endorsing the Nebraska Bill, and expressing entire confidence in the President. The fourth expresses a confident hope that the Nebraska Bill will be acquiesced in as a final adjustment of the subject of slavery, which hereafter should not obstruct the legislation of the country.

At the meeting of the new Legislature in Convention, Democratic officers were chosen by a majority of 15. A State Printer was not chosen—the Concord Patriot stood the highest. The second ballot for U. S. Senator was:—Wells, (Dem.) 148; Eastman, (Whig) 89; Tappan, (F. S.) 43; Morrison, 24; Danl. Clark, 2; Charles L. Woodbury, 1; Ichabod Goodwin, 1. No choice. The election was then postponed till Wednesday. The House refused to table the anti-Nebraska resolutions by eight majority, and the subject was postponed till Wednesday.

THE NEBRASKA BILL.—The report that a "snake" had been discovered in the Nebraska Bill, excluding foreigners from the Territories, is believed to be an error. A curious feature in the act is the following clause:—"The right of suffrage and of holding office shall be exercised only by citizens of the U. States, and those who shall have declared on oath their intention to become such, and shall have taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States *and the provisions of this act.*"

WISCONSIN.—S. M. Booth, editor of the Milwaukee (Wis.) Free Democrat, who was under arrest by United States authority, for participating in the rescue of Glover, was discharged on the 7th inst., on habeas corpus, by Judge Smith, of the Supreme Court of the State, on the ground both of defectiveness in the warrant and the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850. He held the Fugitive Slave Act to be unconstitutional, because,

1. Congress has no constitutional power to legislate on the subject of reclaiming fugitive slaves;

2. Nor to clothe Court Commissioners with the power to determine the liberties of the people, and

3. Because this Act denies the right of trial by jury.

104 delegates from 11 towns in Racine county have organized an anti fugitive Law "League"—to prevent the arrest of fugitives, and to protect each other, as they say, by "united purses and strong arms."

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—The Christian Witness, the organ of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, is out in a long leader against the Fugitive Slave Law. It says:—"It cannot be disguised that a very great change is going on in public opinion, which will no doubt soon manifest itself in a form that will allow all to act, with effect, who desire the repeal of this law. It is by *reason*, and not by *revolution*—by the ballot box, and not by the cartridge box, that we must seek for the remedy of the evil.—We hope that all laws will be executed, while they are the laws of the land, not excepting the Maine Law. But we do moreover earnestly hope that no other attempt will be made to arrest and return fugitive slaves in this community, at least for the present. It might be done; it no doubt would be done, *but it would be trifling with a volcano.*"

WASHINGTON.—As an illustration of the bitterness engendered in the recent municipal election, it may be mentioned that efforts will be made to transfer the appointing power of the minor municipal officers from the Mayor to the President. A bill for that purpose will probably come before Congress in a few days. That it will pass is doubtful, although the disappointed will urge it through.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Providence City Councils have rescinded their resolution to have public mourning on the Fourth of July, for the passage of the Nebraska Bill, and have appropriated two thousand dollars to have a proper celebration.

WANT OFFICE.—It is said around the Washington hotels, that the President has before him upwards of three hundred applications for the offices in the new territories of Nebraska and Kansas, and more "documents" coming!—There are but fourteen offices to be filled, or about twenty-five applicants for each office—thus making the chances equal to the drawing of a small prize in a Perham Gift Lottery.

ILLINOIS.—The editor of the Cambria Tribune has just returned from Illinois, and says that "Northern Illinois is almost free from rum-selling and rum drinking. Very many counties refuse to license the most respectable houses, and in others, public opinion prohibits what the law does not. A Prohibitory Law, it is thought, will be enacted by the next Legislature. Maine Law Alliances are organized in almost every county to effect this purpose."

CONNECTICUT.—The Legislature of Connecticut, which has been for some weeks carefully maturing a stringent and well-guarded act of Liquor Prohibition, yesterday passed it through both Houses by very decided majorities—*one hundred and forty-eight* to *sixty-one* in the House, and *thirteen* to *one* in the Senate. Of course, a number of the adversaries in the House and nearly all of those in the Senate withheld their votes, but they could not have affected the result. The people passed the Maine Law last April, and the Legislature has but enforced and ratified their decision. The act, as we have said, is well drawn—the penalties, though too low, are higher than in most Prohibitory Laws now in existence, and the opportunities afforded for prosecuting and convicting offenders are ample. We believe the act takes effect on the 1st of August.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MAINE.—That portion of the Democratic party known as "Wild Cats," held a State Convention, and nominated Shepard Carey for Governor.

A FEMALE SUPERVISOR.—Mrs. Adeline T. Swift was recently elected supervisor of the town of Penfield, Ohio. The Constitution allows none but voters to hold office. She could not carry out the will of the people. She has issued an address to her constituents on the subject.

Selected Poetry.

THE SPIRIT OF DEATH AND THE ANGELS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The Angels.

Whence is the real capital of Russia, the Holy City, as the Russians call it; and the Kremlin is the glory of Moscow. It occupies the grand contemplation of the city that surrounds it. It was a singular resolution that of Peter the Great, to leave the old capital of Russia, the Moscow on the water is so cold a region. It was for the sake of the sea and the European sea-port. He thought by this to make himself a western power. Had he built his capital on the Black Sea, he would have been at a distance and a northern power. He had land as warm as soon, and a sea to boot as soon to be navigated. But he chose the cold and the hardly north. It is a fragile thing, however, the capital of the Czar to this very moment. Do not leave it—it lives by his presence in it. A few days of imperial absence is felt by it; a few years's absence would ruin it; the climate alone, and the water, would destroy every vestige of it in one generation. Even now it is a wonder to strangers how it is preserved. It is a type of the western idea of the Russian empire. The true Russian is in Oriental, and you see him in Moscow rather than in St. Petersburg. It is said that this is one reason why the Czar does not like Moscow. There is a fresh of the wild liberty of the Tartar race about the population there; a difference not to be found in Petersburg; there is more of the free and the independent swagger. It is a refuge that preserves nationality in Russian City of Resources. Even now, when Moscow may be what it once was, the capital of the empire, it is not equal of the capital of Europe! Without a seaport what would Russia be in Europe? It is Petersburg that has made from the wild and powerful. And yet the greater evidence exists in the world of immense individual power than the Czar wields of Russia, both in the days of his imperial sovereignty. It is hard to say what that immense empire is destined to become. It is hard to tell its future history, and say as readily change its capital again as it did then.

It is possible to represent the idea of one man and the people as one that is favorable to that man, and it is possible to set them in opposition but we think of "Russia" as of one man who is omnipresent. And as there is a mystic centre around all official persons, so in Russia there is also a most mysterious fear produced by it; for there is no written law to appeal to; and no one can say where the limits of the prerogatives at the official may reach. He is omnipresent, indeed, in his own person, and is only when he finds another above him that he begins to cringe. The ranks are all ticketed, and the Russian knows his place. Across them all is the shadow of his rank to designate him further in the common ranks, and the tchinn of clerks, courtiers, and other such officials and each has a certain degree on the scale of cringing, and bows as it seem, by the measure of official persons whom he meets or whose bowing requires him whether to treat him as an inferior in the name of the Emperor, or bow to him as a representative of the Emperor himself. Any mistake in this is an accident. He is struck by the imperial cane, or has a cudgel broken over his head. It is nothing to the infallibility of the White Czar—nor we will established as an article of faith. Keep to the Mohammedan faith, or—"it is not the great Babylon that I have built," or "the Nebuchadnezzar, "for the honor of my name!" The honor of my name! And the kings of Egypt no doubt built the pyramids for a similar purpose—the honor of one man's name.Cheops's pyramid is the honor of Cheops! who was Cheops? An Egyptian monarch, who dates says of this great pyramid builder, that he reigned fifty years, and his son Chephren, a chip of the old block, fifty-six years—106 years the two; and during all that time the temples were closed, and the people compelled by compulsion to work at the pyramids. Cheops employed as many as 100,000 men at a time, each party working during three months; and it took then two years to make a road for the stones and bring them to the site of building; eighteen and twenty years to erect the pyramid itself—" for the honor of Cheops's name," and for the sepulchre of a mummy! And yet such was the hatred that the Egyptians bore to the pyramids, that they would not go there the reigning at the king himself, but called them after Philition, a shepherd who kept his flocks on the hill beckoned. And now we know more of this Philition, and more that is honorable, than of the great benefactor himself. Indeed, the latter's secret to have built the pyramids in order to immortalize himself! What a paltry thing tates to when the blessing of posterity! Nothing accompany it!

The Emperor of Russia is a modern Cheops. We are told by Custine that the new White Palace at St. Petersburg was almost erected in one year, after the burning of the old one, to satisfy the impatience of the Emperor, and that the interior rooms were completed during the great frosts, when such works, in ordinary circumstances, are impossible. Six thousand men were constantly employed in preparing the bricks artificially, that they might dry quickly, whilst the frost was freezing the mortar out of existence and the men, reluctantly shut up like victims doomed to death, were as much oppressed with the artificial heat, that they worked with large sores of ice upon their heads; and a considerable number of them died daily, their places being immediately supplied by others, who were inevitably doomed to the same fate that only the very hardiest of the entire world could exist and that since the present splendid home of the one great man in Russia—a palace that exceeds in magnitude those of the Austrian and the Bourbon put together.

And this is merely the winter residence of the only great man, the only true man in Russia, if he is one—a man so great, that he can afford to make no distinction between the nobleman and the laborer, but invites them both to his balls and festivities and dinner parties, and sends his boat, to the ball-room, the noble contrite, the merchant, the soldier, and the laborer, and the proud and exalted head and shoulders of the Emperor dancing amidst them; but it is all service, for such time has it come to Russia, and every man is ticketed with his badge; so that even if a calmuc be there, he is known by his number, and he dances as he pleases and eats as if he were dressed in casimirals. It is not a ball, it is "soldiers' dinner." The young man has not the heart to speak to his partner, or the partner; he does not think of her, nor she of him; all eyes and all hearts are intent on the mightiest only—the worship of the Emperor. These balls can get near him, flatter him with praises, and intrigue for favors; but the people cannot get near him, wish they could. What an earnest thing it is to be made a people! A people almost ill for a rebel spirit is beaten to be sent down to earth to reign over slaves! How much more comfortable to be a people, and not a slave, a nothing, where you can swagger as you like with a cane in your hand and a glass to your eye!

The Kremlin, or the Royal Palace of Moscow, is a city of palaces; it is the ancient and fortress-palace, built on a hill in the midst of Moscow. "Towers of every form, round, square, and with pointed roofs, battlements, cannon, turrets, spires, scaly-looking fixed upon domes, designs of every height, form, and color; palaces, domes, watch-towers, walls, embellishments and pierced with loop-holes, ramparts, fortifications of every species, whimsical fantasies, incomprehensible devices—chaos by the side of catholicism—surrounding successor violation and disorder; everything betrays the continual carelessness necessary to the comedy of the singular beings who have condemned to live in this supernatural world. Yet these innumerable monuments of pride, caprice, voluptuousness, glory, and pity, notwithstanding their apparent variety, express one single idea, which reigns here, everywhere, and is produced by one. The Kremlin is the result of a despotism long, but that being is civilization. Glory to slavery! Such is the motto of the Russian style of barbaric ornament, of extraordinary in architecture as the vision of St. John are in poetry. It is a habitation that seems to be the dream of the genius of the Apocalypse."

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Selected Articles.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE;
OR,
THE GREATNESS OF ONE MAN.

Modern politicians sometimes indulge the hope that this is probably the last great war that Europe will witness. I hope it is not. But it is very common. We here all rest and kneel at the southern barbarians of the middle ages and their tremendous war of aggression against the Roman empire. Here they all are again; more eminently united together under military discipline than ever they were at any former period; for instead of being divided into tribes, nations, and clans, under different chiefs, which might be enlisted against each other, so all grouped under the despot of north-ie times: "There does not exist on this earth," says the Marquis de Custine, "a sect in Turkey, not even in China, a single man who enjoys a more extensive stock power as the Emperor of Russia." He is the Deity, the Providence of sixty millions of men, who worship him as a god, and who in his variably associate his name with that God in such expressions as this, "God and the Imperor will it!" In Russia there is no country—there is only the Emperor. In Western Europe men serve their country. In Russia they serve the Emperor only. It is for the Emperor they live, and for the Emperor they must be ready to die—and life is there of small value. The splendor of the Imperial establishment of Russ sin surpasses everything in the western world; and this is one of the peculiar characteristics of barbarism, which builds immense palaces and under civilization builds them for the people. The most splendid palace that we can boast of in the whole is rising at Norwood under the auspices of a commercial company; a low idea in Russia, but the pride of England. A Russian would sneer when he contemplated such a vanity trading concern with the palace and the gardens of Peterhoff, the summer residence of the Emperor near Petersburg. There thousands of servants obey the will of one man, as dogs do their keeper, and even more slavishly and mechanically. For lighting the lamps alone of Peterhoff on a Sunday a season to illuminate the whole day of the Emperor, 1,800 men are employed, and hundreds of lamps are lighted up in Erlenstatten! It reminds one of the old Arabian tales of Egypt. Nineveh, and Babylon. "It is not the great Babylon that I have built." or "the Nebuchadnezzar, "for the honor of my name!" The honor of my name! And the kings of Egypt no doubt built the pyramids for a similar purpose—the honor of one man's name.Cheops's pyramid is the honor of Cheops! who was Cheops? An Egyptian monarch, who dates says of this great pyramid builder, that he reigned fifty years, and his son Chephren, a chip of the old block, fifty-six years—106 years the two; and during all that time the temples were closed, and the people compelled by compulsion to work at the pyramids. Cheops employed as many as 100,000 men at a time, each party working during three months; and it took then two years to make a road for the stones and bring them to the site of building; eighteen and twenty years to erect the pyramid itself—" for the honor of Cheops's name," and for the sepulchre of a mummy! And yet such was the hatred that the Egyptians bore to the pyramids, that they would not go there the reigning at the king himself, but called them after Philition, a shepherd who kept his flocks on the hill beckoned. And now we know more of this Philition, and more that is honorable, than of the great benefactor himself. Indeed, the latter's secret to have built the pyramids in order to immortalize himself! What a paltry thing tates to when the blessing of posterity! Nothing accompany it!

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THE LOST STEAMER.

All hope of the safety of the steamer City of Glasgow, now long due from Glasgow to New York, has been abandoned. Glory to slavery! Such is the motto of the Russian style of barbaric ornament, of extraordinary in architecture as the vision of St. John are in poetry. It is a habitation that seems to be the dream of the genius of the Apocalypse."

Moscow in the real capital of Russia, the Holy City, as the Russians call it; and the Kremlin is the glory of Moscow. It occupies the grand contemplation of the city that surrounds it. It was a singular resolution that of Peter the Great, to leave the old capital of Russia, the Moscow on the water is so cold a region. It was for the sake of the sea and the European sea-port. He thought by this to make himself a western power. Had he built his capital on the Black Sea, he would have been at a distance and a northern power. He had land as warm as soon, and a sea to boot as soon to be navigated. But he chose the cold and the hardly north. It is a fragile thing, however, the capital of the Czar to this very moment. Do not leave it—it lives by his presence in it. A few days of imperial absence is felt by it; a few years's absence would ruin it; the climate alone, and the water, would destroy every vestige of it in one generation. Even now it is a wonder to strangers how it is preserved. It is a type of the western idea of the Russian empire. The true Russian is in Oriental, and you see him in Moscow rather than in St. Petersburg. It is said that this is one reason why the Czar does not like Moscow. There is a fresh of the wild liberty of the Tartar race about the population there; a difference not to be found in Petersburg; there is more of the free and the independent swagger. It is a refuge that preserves nationality in Russian City of Resources. Even now, when Moscow may be what it once was, the capital of the empire, it is not equal of the capital of Europe! Without a seaport what would Russia be in Europe? It is Petersburg that has made from the wild and powerful. And yet the greater evidence exists in the world of immense individual power than the Czar wields of Russia, both in the days of his imperial sovereignty. It is hard to say what that immense empire is destined to become. It is hard to tell its future history, and say as readily change its capital again as it did then.

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REMARKABLE TRIAL AT GIBRALTAR.

In the year 1841, at Gibraltar, there occurred one of those extraordinary cases, which shows to how ineffectively the romancist, even with his imagination is strained to the utmost, can portray the extremes of passion to which human nature is subject.

A communication bearing date February 20, from the rock-built fortress which guards Europe's key to the Mediterranean, contained the following particulars:

A gentleman named James Bazwell, born in London, had remained in early life in Gibraltar, induced partly by circumstances of his being of a roving disposition and partly by the inducements offered by the then large mercantile business carried on by the Spanish merchants of that place. For many years he continued to reside there, and by a steady attention to business, and a rare knowledge of the Spanish character, he succeeded in realizing a large fortune, and became one of the most influential men in the place. He married a Spanish lady, and by her had one child, a daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached. Unfortunately for the happiness of Bazwell, his wife died when their child was only three years old, and he was thus left a widower, with his affections centered on his